

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XVI.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 26, 1883.

NO. 4.

Miscellaneous Advertiser.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7. I have been a great sufferer from every weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel firmer. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. Mack.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS!

SINCE OUR FIRE, —ON THE— NIGHT OF DECEMBER 12th, '82, WE HAVE MARKED OUR GOODS At Greatly Reduced PRICES.

We offer some rare bargains in UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS, COLLARS, TIES, FIGURES, LACES, HAMBURG EDGING, LACE COLLARS, LACE CURTAINS, SPLASHERS, PILLOW SHAMS, TIDIES, CORSETS, BUTTONS, JEWELRY, And all kinds of FANCY GOODS.

Must be sold before Moving time. Call early to secure bargains.

BENJ. BENSON. dec 29-11.

D. E. Marsh, DEALER IN— GENERAL MERCHANDISE, WARWICK, MD.

A Full Line of BOOTS and SHOES for Fall and Winter.

Dry Goods, Notions, HATS and CAPS, etc., in great variety.

Flour, Feed and Provisions! The Best and the Freshest.

A Discount to Purchasers. ON HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES a Discount of Ten Per Cent for Cash. On all other goods a Discount of Five Per Cent for Cash.

Highest Cash Price PAID FOR STOCK OF ANY KIND. jan 30-12

J. P. DOUGHTEN, DEALER IN— MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!

Constantly in receipt of ALL THE NEW and EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE Celebrated PARAGON SHIRT, No. 410 MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, DEL. Aug 26-11

Miss ADDIE HAZZARD! TRAINER OF—

Instrumental Music. Is now ready to receive Pupils and give them careful instruction.

TERMS, \$5 PER QUARTER. Rooms at residence of Mrs. Morton, on Green street. \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples sent by mail. H. H. Hazzard, proprietor.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

I have met her many mornings With her basket on her arm, And a certain subtle charm, Coming not from her adorning, But the modest light that lies Deep within her shaded eyes. And she carries naught but blessing, As she journeys up and down Through the never-ending town, With her looks the ground dressing: Yet I know her steps are bent On some task of good intent. Maiden, though you do not ask it, I will tell you what I think: Queens might gladly bear your basket, If they could appear as true And as good and sweet as you. —Charles H. Crandall, in February St. Nicholas.

ONLY A TRAMP.

He was doubtless a tramp. His worn and dirty dress, his crushed felt hat, his dirty shoes, and the checkered muslin shirt, tied at the neck with a bit of rusty black ribbon, and the little bundle borne on his shoulder from the end of a stout stick, told the story plainly. Added to this was the beard of a week's growth, except the mustache, which had not been touched by a razor. He was rather a gay and good-looking fellow for all that, with a keen eye, an open countenance, and a well-knit figure, and he strode along as though he felt that the wandering idler was really the king of other men, and tramping a superior art.

Presently he threw down his stick and bundle, and made a leap in the road, just in time to stop a runaway horse, with the long reins flapping about his feet, and the wagon behind him swaying from side to side. The occupants of the wagon, a couple as old-fashioned as the carry-all in which they sat, had been frantically crying to the horse to stop, and now that some one had stopped him, were profuse in their thanks.

"Bob is not vicious," said the man, whose language and dress showed him to belong to the Society of Friends, "but two geese flew across the road, and before I knew it he had jerked the reins out of my hands and started on a run. I'm obliged to thee, for if thee hadn't caught him, he might have spilled us over the high bank below there."

The tramp nodded, and turned to go, when the woman spoke.

"Friend," she said, "there has split thy coat up the back."

"Have I?" returned the tramp, feeling for the rent. "So I have. I must get it mended somewhere."

"As thee did it helping us—" said the man, putting his hand in his pocket.

"I bar that," said the tramp, raising his hand, and showing with his laugh a set of white teeth. "I don't take money for stopping horses; but I thank you for your intention."

"I tell thee what to do friend—I don't know thy name," said the woman.

The tramp smiled again, and said, "You may call me John Paul, if you choose."

"Well, friend Paul, does thee see that white horse among the trees, off from the road back yonder? Thee go there, and say to Rachel—that's her name—that her uncle and aunt, Mahlon and Naomi Stacy, sent thee, and ask her to see thy coat mended. She'll make it passable at least."

"Thank you, ma'am; I'll do so."

The tramp removed his battered felt hat, made a bow rather more courtly than might have been expected, and the parties pursued their several ways.

A brisk two minutes' walk brought John Paul to the lane leading from the road to the Stacy farm-house. Down this lane he turned, and when half way in it, he heard a woman scream. The next minute a pretty young girl, with her hair flying over her shoulders, ran out of the house, pursued by a great burly, rough fellow, who stopped when he saw the other tramp coming. The girl kept on, but when she observed the new comer, stopped also, in doubt whether it was not a confederate.

"Anything wrong?" inquired John Paul.

"That—that man?" gasped the girl. "There be tramps, and tramps." The one to whom Paul advanced was of the baser order, brawny, whisky-sadden, and brutal.

"What do you mean by frightening this young lady?"

"Take it easy, pard," rejoined the big tramp, grinning. "The gal gave me a lunch, and I wanted to sweeten the victuals with a kiss. There's no bones broke."

John Paul's face reddened. He took off his coat and threw it on the pallings of the lane fence.

"Now," said he, quietly, "you'll leave."

"When I get good 'n' ready," answered the other, insolently.

"No, sir—now."

"Ha! ha! Suppose you spell able. Do you see that?" and he thrust his fist under the nose of the younger man.

It was dashed aside suddenly, and the right hand of John Paul fell with full force between the eyes of the tramp, who fell, doubled in a heap. He was up in an instant, to go down again by another face. Picking himself up, he made a rush with both arms extended toward his opponent. It was impossible to parry this, and it was not attempted. Paul stepped suddenly aside, and before his antagonist could recover himself, caught him on the throat with his right arm, and suddenly bending him over his own extended knee, threw the great mass of flesh to the ground with a force that made quite an audible sound. The ruffian lay there for a minute or so motionless.

"Thee hasn't killed him?" timidly inquired the girl.

"No, miss," said John Paul, "but I

I've given his backbone a jar that makes him sick of fighting. Come, sir, get up," he added, as the man began to stir; pick yourself up and go, or I'll give you more of it, and worse."

"I'm goin'," said the other, rising slowly and rubbing his back—"I'm goin', boss. But I say you ain't a man; you're a steam-ngine, you are."

As soon as the fellow had dragged himself out of sight, John Paul took his coat, and finding on inquiry that the girl's name was Rachel, gave her the message of her aunt. He followed her, at her request, to the house, where he seated himself on the back veranda, while Rachel, coat in hand, disappeared in the kitchen.

In a few minutes she came out. "There is thy coat, friend, as good as new; it was ripped in the seam, not torn, and—Oh dear! There is that vexatious Crumple in the garden again."

Paul looked, and saw that a cow had got into an enclosure not meant for browsing ground, and volunteered to get her out. It did not prove an easy job, however, and by the time he had managed to overcome her dodges and manoeuvres, and finally got the brute safely into the barn-yard, he saw the farmer and his wife driving in, and knew from her manner that Rachel was telling them all about the fight. As he came forward to reclaim his mended coat, Mahlon Stacy met him with a beaming countenance.

"Thee has placed me under obligation again, friend Paul," he said. "I hear thee was obliged to resort to force. It is against the principles of Friends, but since thee had to do it, I am glad to learn thee did it well. A big man, too, for I think the one we met with blood on his face was the one thee dealt with."

"There was no trouble in handling him, sir. The matter is not worth speaking of. I am only too glad to have been of service to the young lady." With these words he moved off.

"Stay friend," cried the farmer. "If thee won't have compensation for thy service, thee'll at least grant us another favor, and take supper with us."

The young man hesitated, but glancing at the woman, said, "I—I am not in a fit condition for the table; I—I—"

"If that's all," eagerly rejoined Mahlon, "we can arrange that. Come with me." And the young man was speedily ushered into a chamber, where his host gave him shaving materials, and left him, to hear more definite particulars about the encounter, in which, like many men of peaceful habits, he took a deep interest.

At the supper table, John Paul, in evading minute inquiry, let them know that he lived in New York when at home, and gave them some account of the metropolis, of which they had heard, but never seen, and did it in a plain and lucid way that showed he kept his eyes open while he was tramping.

After supper Mahlon Stacy and John Paul sat on the veranda while the woman-folk were clearing the table, and the former, after two or three preliminary hints, spoke his mind.

"Thee was looking for work, perhaps, friend?"

"No, I can't say that I was."

"Thee would take a job if thee could get one, maybe?"

"That depends on what it is."

"Can thee mow?"

A smile broke over the young man's face. "Not very well," he said. "I did learn how to swing a scythe once—when I—when I was on a farm for a month in the hay season; but I'm not an expert mower."

"That might come by practice," rejoined the farmer. "You see, my man was obliged to leave me before the hay was all made; and when I met thee I was going after some one to take his place, and did not succeed. Thee might be of help if thee would, and I would give thee fair wages."

"Well, sir, it is new business for me; but I'll do the best I can for you if you can do better; and as for the wages, we'll not differ on that."

"Then thee'll stay here, and we'll tackle the south field to-morrow," exclaimed the farmer, joyously. "Naomi, thee'll get a room ready for friend Paul. He's going to help with the hay."

So John took service with Mahlon Stacy, or, as he put it to himself that night, "I'm hired to Rachel's uncle," and he laughed at the same time as though it were the funniest thing possible.

The hay-making was over in three days, but John, as they all called him now, remained. He evidently knew very little about farming, but took teaching kindly. He developed a great knowledge of horses, their needs and wants, and altogether Mahlon was satisfied with his raw hand. The fourth day it rained so that out-door work was stopped. The farmer and John sat in the kitchen, the farmer in a rather down-east mood. John watched Rachel's motions for some time, as she moved about gracefully, and then took a book which stood upon the shelf, and began reading. Mahlon smiled grimly.

"If thee likes to read," he said, "there's 'No Cross, No Crown,' and 'Barclay's Apology' in the sitting-room. That is a foolish book of poetry that Rachel delights in. But it can do no one any good. It is funny in parts, though."

It was Wood's poems.

"Some of this is by no means funny," said John. "The 'Bridge of Sighs,' for instance."

"I don't remember. Will thee read it out?"

John read the poem, and in a way

that no one there had heard—read it with feeling and force.

"Thee reads remarkably well, John," said Mahlon.

"Poor creature!" said Naomi. She referred to the heroine, and not to John.

Rachel said nothing, but her eyes were full of tears.

On Saturday John got two hours' leave of absence, and returned with a bundle, which he carried to his room. The next day he came down to breakfast in a new light suit. Mahlon made no comments, but after breakfast asked John if he would go with them to Friends' meeting, or to some other place of worship, or would he stay at home. "We go to meeting, of course; but Rachel's father was 'Piscopal, and Rachel goes there. Then there's the Methodist and Presbyterians."

"I shall go to the Episcopal church," said John.

"Ah! Well, we drop Rachel at the cross-roads, and then she can get out home."

So John walked from the getting-out place to the church, which was a missionary chapel, where the rector of an adjoining parish gave a service every alternate Sunday. There were few attendants, and the coming of a fine-looking young man made a sensation. When service was over, however, and they all came out, some one whispered that the new comer was "Mahlon Stacy's hired man," and the sensation died out.

Absalom Browning was waiting in his buggy.

"Shall I drive thee home, Rachel?" he asked.

"Thank thee, no, Absalom, I came in the carry-all with uncle and aunt, and they'll stop for me at the corner."

Absalom walked alongside, however, leading his horse and talking to Rachel, and John fell behind. When they came to the corner, Mahlon and his wife were already there, and Absalom renewed his request. Rachel made no demur, for Naomi said it would relieve their horse with one less in. John smiled to himself. The aunt favored the courting.

The summer months came and went. Absalom Browning came and went once a week, and sometimes twice, and John Paul remained on the farm. He grew to be a favorite, and his activity and physical strength, with his great good-nature, made him popular with the young men around. Absalom did not like him, however. With Rachel he got along famously. She had been his friend from the first, never forgetting his opportune championship. Then he read so beautifully, and was full of tales of adventure, for, according to his own account, he had traveled a great deal. In his wanderings he had picked up a deal of knowledge, too, as he leaked out bit by bit, and he bade fair to make a good farmer, so the farmer liked him, too. But Mahlon, whose spirits had been getting lower and lower, at length grew quite gloomy, and his gloom was shared by his wife, and even infected Rachel.

The cause of this trouble John Paul learned one day from the talkative clerk at the store where the Stacys dealt, and with it he got some of the family history. It appeared that Rachel Taylor, the younger sister of Mahlon's wife, had eloped and married with Gordon Forsyth, a gay and wealthy young gentleman from New York, who had accidentally met and fallen in love with her. Rachel had been "disowned" for marrying "out of meeting," but worse followed. Forsyth, who was on the downward course, soon got tired of his pretty wife, resumed his dissipation, and was drowned while drunk two years afterward, leaving his widow with a one-year-old child. Rachel Forsyth did not long survive her husband, who proved to have been at his death bankrupt. He had managed to get Mahlon Stacy, who believed in him, to become bondsman in a case involving, it afterward turned out, a questionable transaction. Mahlon paid the judgment, but was obliged to mortgage the farm, which had been in the Stacy family for four generations. He adopted the little Rachel, sent her to the West Town school to be educated, and bit by bit accumulated money sufficient to discharge the mortgage. The bank which he kept his savings broke, and he not only lost his store, but was unable to meet the interest for a year. The mortgage was in other hands—a rich New Yorker held it—and proceedings to foreclose had been begun. If Rachel married Absalom Browning, who was rich himself and a rich man's son, there would be no difficulty. "They say that Rachel hangs back," concluded the clerk. "I rather guess she'll give in at last. That's the way Mahlon'll pull through, in my judgment."

John came home after hearing all this, and found Absalom Browning there. The young Quaker was got up quite smartly—in plain clothes, to be sure, but his shad-bellied coat was of the finest olive-colored broadcloth, and his broad-brimmed hat of the very best beaver. He remained to supper, and was treated with marked consideration by the farmer and his wife. Rachel seemed to be a little curiously, but she avoided his eye. The hired man went out after he had eaten his supper, attended to the horses and cattle, and, this done, came into the house. It was usual for the family to sit together for an hour or two after supper before retiring to rest. It was their main recreation from daily labor. But the old couple had retired, and John retired also, leaving the younger couple together.

John sat at the window in the dark,

looking out on the night, and thinking. In a little while Absalom Browning left, and he heard the wheels of his wagon driven off the fashion of John, the son of Nimshi. Then he heard the light step of Rachel on the stairs on her way to rest.

The next morning John went out early to see to the horses and cattle. When he returned to breakfast he observed that Mahlon was gloomy and monosyllabic of speech, Naomi curious and Rachel distressed. John ate his meal silently, and then went to the field with Mahlon. But he soon made an excuse to return to the house. Rachel was alone there, seated with her face buried in her hands, and so intent on her thoughts that she did not hear him come in.

"What is the trouble, Rachel?" he asked.

The girl started up, and the blood rushed to her face, but she made no reply.

"Is it to be a wedding?" he continued.

"John Paul, thee's—thee's—"

"Or did you see Absalom B. about his business last night?"

"What is that to thee, John? Uncle is displeased with me, and aunt is sorry, and now thee must—what is it to thee whether I have or not?"

"Rachel," said he, taking her trembling hand, and retaining it in spite of her effort to withdraw it, "it is everything to me, for I love you dearly."

The eyes of the girl filled with a sudden light. "Thee! thee love—me!"

John read the answer to his question before he put it, and drew the sobbing Rachel to his breast.

How long they stood there neither could tell, but at the sound of Mahlon Stacy's heavy step on the veranda, Rachel made her escape.

"What keeps thee in the house, John?" inquired the farmer, entering the room. "We have work to get through with."

"Let that pass for a moment, Mr. Stacy. I have something to say. Woodford's now the mortgage on the farm?"

"Why does thee ask?"

"From no idle curiosity. What is his name and where does he live?"

"His name is Frobisher, and he lives in New York. It is his lawyer, Woodford, who has the business in hand."

"Woodford! Not Charles Woodford? So! In that case make your self perfectly easy. I can arrange all that for you."

"Is thee serious, John Paul? Does thee think Frobisher would do it for thee?"

"Why not? He never refused me anything I wanted yet, from the time we went to the same school."

"Thee must be out of thy mind, John. This Frobisher, they say, is worth a million of dollars. Does thee expect to influence him? If I didn't know thy habits, I should say thee been drinking."

"The man you speak of is worth more than you say, in estate, but he'll give you all the time you need. Let me see. It is nearly night. The mail comes at ten. I have time to write a letter, hitch up and get to the post-office in good time. You'll have an answer by to-morrow evening, without further words he went out, harnessed the horse and drove to the village, leaving Stacy staring in amazement. When he came back the farmer was still in the house, with Naomi and Rachel, discussing John's freak. During that day and the next morning, Mahlon would glance at John at times with an expression made up of hope and suspicion of John's sanity.

At noon next day John quietly hitched up the horse again, and without asking leave drove off, with a reassuring smile to Rachel's inquiring looks as he went. This was hours before the mail was due, and John had on his Sunday clothes. He did not get back until supper time, and then handed a letter to Mahlon, in the presence of the rest. It was postmarked "New York," and the farmer opened it with trembling hands.

"John," said he, after he had read it, and handed it to Naomi, "thee made no vain boast. Woodford says I can have all the time I want. Thee has done me a great service. I only wish I knew how I could repay thee."

"Perhaps you can," said John, smiling, and taking Rachel by the hand. "Suppose you let me take care of this young lady in future."

"Why, Rachel!" cried Mahlon, in astonishment. "Does thee and John—"

But Rachel's answer was not distinctly audible, her face being so close to John Paul's waistcoat.

"Has thee thought about means to support a wife?" inquired Naomi, with a last flutter of expiring loyalty to Absalom Browning.

"There need be no trouble on that score," returned John; "but I have a confession to make. I have in some measure deceived you. When you asked my name I just said—John Paul."

"And has thee been using a name to which thee has no right?" demanded Naomi, severely.

"I have a right to that name, but there is more of it. I am John Paul Frobisher."

"Frobisher!" exclaimed Mahlon, as a light broke in on him. "Then thee is—"

"I am, or rather was, the holder of your mortgage. I say was—drawing a paper from his breast pocket and handing it to Naomi. "I have been to West Chester and made an assignment to your wife. I hope she'll be a lenient creditor to you, Mahlon. You see, I had been taking a pedestrian tramp for health and amusement, and you came across me just as I had run

sufficiently to seed in the journey, and was about to take the cars for home. This face of Rachel's attracted me, and she's the captive of my bow and spear, anyhow. I won her by fair fight," said he, laughing.

They all sat down to the supper. The farmer said his customary grace with great union—"For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!" and John, whose hand had found that of Rachel somewhat under the tablecloth, responded with a fervent "Amen!"

A CEREMONIAL OF THE ZUNI SUN FESTIVAL.

Mr. Cushing's second paper on "My Adventures in Zuni," is a strongly illustrated feature of the February Century, and contains a minute account of the Zuni Sun Festival, one scene of which is described as follows:

Toward midnight, my "brother" explained to me that, in each new room and sacred house of Zuni, the twelve "medicine" orders of the tribe were to meet, and that, as he was a priest of one of them, I could go with him, if I would sit very quiet in one corner, and not move, sleep nor speak during the entire night.

As we entered the closely crowded, spacious room into which the first party of dancers had retired, a space was being cleared lengthwise through the centre, from the altar down toward the opposite end. With many a hasty admonition, the Governor placed me in a corner so near the hearth that, for a long time, controlled by his directions, I was nearly suffocated by the heat. Along the northern side of the room were the dancers, their masks now laid aside. Conspicuous among them were the two priests, who were engaged in a long, rhythmic prayer, chant, or ritual, over eight or ten nearly prostrate Indians who squatted on the floor at their feet. As soon as this prayer was ended, great steaming bowls of meat, trays of paper-bread, and baskets of melons were placed in rows along the cleared space. A loud prayer was uttered over them by an old priest, who held in his hands a bow, some arrows and a war-club, and who wore over one shoulder a strange badge of buckskin ornamented with sea-shells and flint arrow-heads. He was followed by the Priest of the Sun, from the other end of the room. The little fire-god then passed along the array of victuals, waving his torch over them, with which the feast was pronounced ready.

Many of the dishes were placed before the dancers and priests and a group of singers whose nearly nude bodies were grotesquely painted with streaks and daubs of white. They were gathered, rattles in hand, around an immense earthen kettle-drum at the left side of the altar, opposite the now crouching monster. As soon as the feast was concluded, many of the women bore away on their heads, in huge bowls, such of the food as remained.

The singers then drawing closely around the drum, facing one another, struck up a loud chant, which, accompanied by the drumming and the rattles, filled the whole apartment with a reverberating din, to me almost unbearable. Two by two the dancers would rise, step rapidly and high from one foot to the other, until, covered with perspiration and almost exhausted, they were relieved by others. At the close of each verse in the endless chant, the great figure by the altar would start up from his half-sitting posture, until his head nearly touched the ceiling, and with a startling series of reports, would clap his long beak and roll his protruding eyes in time to the music.

When the little fire-god took his place in the centre of the room, no one relieved him for more than an hour and a half, and I feared momentarily that he would drop from sheer exhaustion. But I learned later that this was a trial ceremonial, and that it was one of the series of preparations which he had to pass through before becoming a priest, to which rank his birth rendered him eligible.

Just as the morning star was rising, the music ceased, the congregation became silent, and the chief dancer was led to the centre of the room, where he was elaborately costumed. Then the Priest of the Sun took him up the ladder to the roof, where, facing the east, he pronounced in measured, solemn tones a long prayer to the waning Sun of the Old Year. Descending, he pronounced before the multitude (signaling the end of each sentence with a clang of his rattles) a metrical ritual of even greater length. Then the spectators gathered around the altar, and hastily said their prayers, the sound of which reminded me of a recitation in concert in a large schoolroom. The sun rose, and they dispersed to their various homes.

BEER AND RAILWAY BUILDING.—The consumption of beer in the camps of the railway builders is enormous. At Bismarck I saw an entire freight train of thirty cars laden with bottled beer from a Chicago brewery, bound for the town nearest the end of the track. The chief engineer of the construction force said that an average of one bottle for every tie laid was consumed, and that the tie and the beer cost the same—fifty cents. Thus the workmen pay as much for their drink as the company for one of the important elements of railway construction.—E. F. Smalley, in the February Century.

An exchange says that Herr Most is insane. We question it. It is the man who pays twenty-five cents to hear him lecture who is in the insane house.

Full River Advance.

An Indian's widow is expected to keep in mourning for twenty months.

CHINESE TRAITS.

Mr. E. V. Smalley's paper in the February Century, on "Features of the New Northwest," is an interesting conclusion to his noteworthy series on the North-western region. He discusses various social and political subjects, and, speaking of the Chinese population, says in part:

There is a mistaken notion in the East that the Chinese are humble and submissive, and much put upon, and abused by the whites of the Pacific coast. There was a time when the hoodlums of San Francisco maltreated the Asiatic immigrants shamefully, but that time has gone by. Now the Chinaman appears to be as secure in his rights of person and property as anybody. Instead of being deferential and timid he is often pushing and insolent. He does not give way in the street. He hustles you as readily as an English navvy. A body of Chinese laborers marching down a narrow street will crowd ladies into the gutter. The Chinese merchants, doctors, and others belonging to the better classes, are as polite as Frenchmen, but the masses of the Chinese population on the Pacific coast are rude and brutal. The chief thing in their favor is their habit of personal cleanliness. The railroad laborers, who are the poorest and most ignorant class, wash themselves from head to foot at the end of each day's work. All classes are frequent customers of the barber, who gives minute attention to their heads, faces, ears, and necks.

Among the common laborers their is little sympathy for sick and injured comrades. If a man is likely to become a burden, the other members of his gang want to get rid of him as soon as possible. It is commonly believed by the white bosses on the railways that the Chinese doctors put sick men out of the way by poison when they think they cannot be speedily cured. A case was told me in Oregon of a Coos Bay railway laborer who had an arm broken. It was set by the company's doctor and was doing well, but the man's comrades insisted on bringing a Chinese doctor to attend him. The doctor came from a distant camp and gave the patient a dose. In an hour the poor fellow was dead. In such cases there is no investigation; nobody cares that there is one Chinaman less. The death of a cart-horse is of much more consequence. One great difficulty the employers of Chinese labor have to contend with is the superstition of these queer people. Their religious worship consists chiefly in propitiating the malevolent spirits of the dead. If a Chinese domestic fancies there is a ghost in the house he departs at once, and leaves an inscription behind to warn his successors. It often happens that a family will be unable to keep a servant longer than a single day. Man after man will come and go without giving any reason for his abrupt departure. At last the warning sign is found in the kitchen or servant's room and expunged; then there is no more trouble. Not long ago two Chinamen were killed in Oregon by the premature explosion of a blast on a new railway line. One of their fellow workmen declared that just before the explosion he saw two devils come to the opposite bank of the river and heard them talking. Thereupon the whole gang of forty men dropped work, and could not be induced, by threats or persuasions, to return to the spot.

NORWEGIAN SKEE-SHOE, OR SKEE-RACING.

One of the most popular winter sports in Norway is skee-r

The Transcript

W. SCOTT WAY, Editor & Proprietor.
\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications on topics of local interest are always welcome, but to insure insertion they must be brief and to the point. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous articles will receive no attention, suitable for the views of correspondents.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 26, 1883.

SENATOR McPHERSON was on Wednesday re-elected by the New Jersey Legislature.

A GOOD MOTTO for a certain Rochester, New York, sky-searching establishment, would be, "Science for revenue only."

DURING last year ten thousand tons of newspapers and periodicals were sent through the New York post-office, and the postage on them amounted to \$430,892.88.

THE municipal authorities of Middletown, New York, have passed an ordinance prohibiting persons under the age of twenty-one from playing billiards or pool in that village.

FORTY-THREE bodies of the victims of the Milwaukee fire were interred with impressive funeral ceremonies yesterday. The funeral procession was more than two miles long.

A WOMAN was before a New York court on Saturday who had deserted four husbands. She ought to be kept under lock and key as long as she lives. Not a man of us will be safe if she is allowed to run at large.

A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT has found in Arkansas a girl with three tongues. If she ever gets married, and she probably will, her husband will be wise if he will make it a rule to move an adjournment as soon as she opens a debate.

A RESIDENCE in the town of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, is exciting to say the least. A few days ago fifty acres of the town sunk about two feet, cracking streets, shaking down ceilings and bulging walls. The props of an abandoned coal mine had rotted away.

A LATE REPORT of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington places the corn crop of 1882 at 1,635,000 bushels, and the yield of wheat at 510,000 bushels. These estimates may be accepted as probably not far from the amounts which will be shown by the official returns.

SHOULD the Legislature create the office of Commissioner of Immigration, as provided for in Senator Cavender's bill for the encouragement of Immigration, we know of no person so well qualified for this important position by natural gift and experience as Mr. J. Thomas Budd, of Middletown.

A FEARFUL DISASTER occurred at the Atlantic Giant Powder Works, at Oakland, California, on Sunday. Five or six explosions occurred in rapid succession, causing a loss of forty lives, mostly Chinese laborers. The assistant superintendent was killed while endeavoring to save the nitro-glycerine house.

FLORIDA has a great number of visitors this winter and all the hotels are full of guests. Many of the larger Florida hotels furnish even more discomforts than the seaside hotels of the North, but they charge more for them. Hotel keeping in the "Land of Flowers" will continue to be a profitable business as long as Northern tourists and alligator steak hold out.

THE Ice Carnival at Montreal opened brilliantly on Tuesday. The mercury was many degrees below zero but the people were abroad in vast crowds. The morning parade, with its two hundred gayly decorated sleighs, must have formed a pretty sight. The streets were hung with bunting and green boughs and were filled with gay parties of amusement seekers all day long. The ice place, illuminated at night, added its glories to the scene.

In the Connecticut Legislature one day this week a bill was introduced which provides that when presenting their ballots at the polls, voters shall remove their hats, from which we presume that the fool-kicker has not been doing his duty in Connecticut. Lifting the hat is an act of reverence or not when it is done voluntarily, but not when it is done under penalty. Some one of that Connecticut legislator's constituents ought to mail him a large-print copy of the little story about a man named William Tell.

HERE is a little two-for-a-cent joke from the Philadelphia Times: "One of the Pennsylvania pilots will run into the State of Delaware some of these days and afterwards swear that he merely sank a mud turtle with sand on its tail." The Times should not be too severe on Delaware, for though she is little she has given to Philadelphia as many level-headed, enterprising and successful business men as any other State in the Union. Even the Times without its Delaware brains would not be as good a paper as it is.

Two aesthetic cow-boys of Wyoming have ordered of the Colt's Fire-Arm Company two revolvers of elaborate workmanship. They want the stock of each revolver of pearl, a horse and rider chased in gold on each side and a heavily-drawn woman and birds in the same precious metal on the other side. The barrel and working parts of each are also to be heavily chased and inlaid with gold. The horse and rider purposed to be chased on the arms are probably intended to represent the cow-boys and their fiery, untamed steeds, while the heavily-drawn woman may be supposed to represent the widow of the first victim that is to fall by the richly chased pistols in the hands of the

free and dashing esthetes of the plains. But when the designs for the chasing of these revolvers were suggested, one that would be exceedingly appropriate seems to have been overlooked. We refer to the lynching picnic under a telegraph pole. That is the way the career of the aesthetic cow-boy generally ends, and it would seem fitting that he should have something emblematic of the expected event engraved upon his high-priced and dearly beloved revolver. It is estimated that each of the artistically chased arms herein described will cost at least the amount of its purchaser's yearly wages. But if the cow-boys will only blow in their new revolvers when they are not loaded, at an early day after receiving them, the money will have been well spent. But "this consummation devoutly to be wished" is not likely to occur, for the cowboy's pistol is generally loaded.

SENATOR CAVENDER'S bill, entitled "an act for the encouragement of immigration and to foster the agricultural interests of the State," now before the Legislature, seems to be an excellent measure, and its speedy passage, with some amendments, is probable. It provides for the appointment by the Governor of a Commissioner of Immigration, who shall be a resident of the State, a person of good moral character and qualified for the position. He shall hold the office for two years and his salary shall be one thousand dollars per year. His duties, as outlined in the bill, are important and would be exceedingly difficult to one unprepared for them by previous training in some position requiring a similar line of duties. He is to use all proper means to induce immigration into the State; to prepare and publish pamphlets describing the developed and undeveloped agricultural interests of the State; to employ means to properly represent the advantages of our schools, climate, soil, diversity of crops and facilities of communication; to contract with and appoint agents in Europe or elsewhere, and by such other methods as his judgment may direct to invite and encourage immigration to Delaware. He is also authorized by the act to make contracts with railroads and other transportation companies for a low rate of fare for immigrants, and to provide for their reception and temporary accommodation; to "encourage the formation of, and by suggestion when requested advise as to the best means of establishing local agricultural societies for the procuring of foreign labor, and as such societies without partiality or favoritism, without through their proper officers," but without expense to the State. The commissioner is forbidden under penalty of forfeiture of his commission to receive any commission or compensation for the performance of his duties other than that allowed under the provisions of the act and he is required to make an annual report to the Governor to be by him laid before the Legislature at its biennial sessions. The act provides for an annual appropriation of five hundred dollars, in addition to the Commissioner's salary, for the purpose of carrying out its provisions. This appropriation for expenses, which seems utterly inadequate for the purposes named, has been wisely increased by amendment to \$1,300 for the first year and \$800 for each succeeding year. Another wise provision has been added by amendment to the effect that the Commissioner shall exercise due care to prevent bringing into the State any person or persons who might endanger the public morals, health, peace or good order. The Senate concurred in the amendments yesterday. Mr. J. Thomas Budd, of Middletown, La. Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, is a person eminently qualified for the position of Immigration Commissioner, as provided for in Senator Cavender's bill.

Journalistic. The Salem, New Jersey, Standard, in its new dress, is one of the handsomest papers that come to our table. BILL NYE, of the Laramie City Boomerang, has been on the sick list for several weeks and his characteristic editorials are very much missed by the Boomerang's many exchanges. Mr. Nye will start on a tour toward the setting sun, for his health, as soon as he has sufficiently recovered and the walking has improved.

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The valedictory of the editor of the Tin Cup Record, of Colorado, is the briefest and most pointed, pithy and candid that we have seen in a long time. Here it is: "In retiring from the editorial and business management of the Record we embrace the opportunity extended to us to say that we do so without a single regret. If we've injured anyone during our brief journalistic career we are glad of it and if we hurt anyone's feelings we did so purposely. If we owe anybody we are willing and ready to pay, and if anybody owes us we shall insist that it be paid instantly. We don't know anything about the newspaper business, never did and never want to, and are glad to get out of it."

JOSEPH DAVIS, "the cattle king of Eastern Texas," sold 3,000 cattle while smoking one five-cent cigar in Austin the other night. "Pat" Cargile, a ranchman of the Indian Territory, who was the purchaser, paid cash down in British gold, for he acted in behalf of London men of money.

By putting a low duty on diamonds and a very high duty on clothing the ways and means committee will get the poor man into trouble. He will have no shirt front for his diamond pin.—Washington Post.

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Connors, while lying on the ground unable to render any assistance, saw the train enveloped in flames and heard the shrieks of the dying victims. He saw them vainly endeavoring to struggle from the burning ruins. Porter Ashe and wife, who occupied a drawing room in one of the sleepers, were awakened by the crash. They succeeded in getting out without injury, but sixteen other occupants of the car not one is believed to have escaped. Meantime, the occupants of the train were kept on the down grade succeeded in stopping it, thereby saving the lives of some forty occupants of that and the smoking coach. They immediately turned back to the scene of the accident, but found only the smoldering remains of the train and the few who had escaped with their lives lying bruised and bleeding in the darkness and shivering in the cold night air, or rendering assistance to each other. Relief soon arrived from Tehichipa, four miles distant, and as soon as possible medical attendance was sent from Sumner and the injured were taken to the hospital. A search for the dead soon showed that twenty-one persons had perished. Eleven were burned beyond all recovery and only headless bodies and charred limbs were found. One of the killed was Mrs. Downey, wife of ex-Governor Downey. Mr. Downey was badly hurt, but will recover. Of the body of Mrs. Downey only the head and bust remained, which were recognized by the jewelry. All the bodies and fragments of bodies were placed in the train and the train was taken to the baggage car, and on the arrival of the relief train were taken to Los Angeles.

The loss of the Cimbrina. Of the 477 souls on board the Hamburg-American Line steamer Cimbrina, sunk in the German Ocean on Friday morning, 22 persons are so far known to have been saved. The Cimbrina had 23 cabin passengers, 362 steerage passengers, and the officers and crew numbered 22. The ship was built in 1873, was built in 1873 and was under the command of Captain Hansen, who has been in the company's employ for eight years. He was considered a thoroughly competent and reliable man. The Cimbrina ran aground before leaving the Elbe, but got off with the flood tide with the assistance of the steamer Hansa, of the same line, without having sustained damage. She was put to sea in the afternoon. On Friday morning she came into collision, during a thick fog, off Borkum, with the British steamer, the Cimbrina sunk in a short time. The scenes on board the Cimbrina after the collision defy description. The passengers, many of whom were women and children, woke up suddenly and rushed on deck in terror, screaming with terror. First one boat was lowered and then another. There were eight boats, but the ship sank so rapidly on the starboard side that many people fell into the water. The four boats on the port side were quickly filled with people, but could not be lowered on account of the angle at which the ship was listing. The starboard side safely reached the water, but boat No. 5 capsized and those in it struggled for a short time and then sank. Boat No. 7, under command of Third Officer, had on board eight persons and another boat with eleven persons got away safely, and after drifting twelve hours were picked up near Cuxhaven.

A third boat with seventeen persons was rescued by the bark Diamant, bound from New York to Bremen. These were all that were saved. Those who were left on the ship, the officers and crew, were unable to maintain order. The women and children were mad with fear. Those who had secured places had a violent struggle to keep the boat from sinking. The six ladies, who were on board were driven away by some sailors by axe blows on their hands. Captain Hansen stood till the last moment on the bridge, but could have no control over the sinking ship. The ship struck the bottom and the water was covered with dead bodies, kept up by life belts. Only a few were alive when they left, and of these many were taken into the boats as possible.

Death in the Flames. On Friday night twenty-one persons lost their lives in a railway accident near Tehichipa, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The train was the overland express. Near Tehichipa is a heavy grade, and an extra engine had been attached to the train at Sumner to assist in pulling up this grade. The accident occurred while the extra engine was being taken off. The train broke loose and dashed down the grade. The air-brakes had been taken off and the men who tended the hand-brakes were away from their posts. One was attending to switching the extra engine and the other was engaged in relighting an extinguished lamp. The train was dashed against a high trestle and then through the trestle and over an embankment. The lamps and stove at once set fire to the wreck, which was instantly in a blaze. Harry Connors, news agent, who was sleeping in the baggage car, was awakened by the movement of the car and aroused James Woodhull, baggage master, just as the cars made the jump. The roof of the car was built open and the men were thrown out and severely burned.

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Miss Bayard a Bride. A Washington despatch to the Philadelphia Times describes the marriage ceremony of Samuel D. Warren, Jr., of Boston, and Miss Mabel Bayard, the eldest daughter of Senator Bayard, which took place at the Church of the Ascension at a quarter past 12 o'clock yesterday morning. Guests were admitted to the church only upon presentation of cards. The bride party entered promptly at the hour, the organist playing the wedding air from the organ. The ushers preceded them. Reaching the end of the aisle, the bridesmaids parted in lines and the bride passed through them on the arm of her father. The groom and his best man, Mr. Wetmore, of Michigan, met the party at the chancel rail. Mendelssohn's wedding march was sounded from the organ as the bride and groom walked down the aisle, and the company followed to Senator Bayard's residence, where a large reception took place.

The bride's toilet was of satin, with high collar and long, plain train. The front of the dress was covered with fountains of point lace, shirred. Pansies were draped across the gown and the yards neck and bow were decorated with white roses. A coronet of orange blossoms held the long tulle veil in place, and her only ornaments were a strand of gold and some beads around her throat. The bride's bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids wore demi-trained toilets of white mull over white silk, the front of their dresses being composed of overlapping ruffles of lace. They wore large white Gainsborough hats, covered with plumes and faced with sapphire and ruby velvet and carried in their hands bouquets of colored roses. The groom and his ushers wore morning suits, gray trousers and Prince Albert coats.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren left on the four o'clock train for New York. Senator Bayard gave a dinner of fourteen covers at Wormley's in the evening to the party of Boston friends who came down to attend his daughter's wedding.

Books and Periodicals. ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBRUARY celebrates St. Valentine's Day in capital style with an amusing story by Sophie Swett, called "A Queer Valentine," and one has but to read to see the bewitchment of the title. Anna North contributes "The Mission of Mabel's Valentine," and there is a funny little poem, "My Valentine," by M. Anderson. A lovely and thrilling story is Joaquin Miller's "In the Land of Clouds," which describes an ascent of Mount Hood by a party of tourists, and the loss and rescue of a little dog that insisted on accompanying the climbers.

THE MIDWINTER CENTURY.—The beginning of a new story by W. D. Howells, in the Midwinter (February) Century, is a literary event, and the importance is increased by the fact that in the past four months, of the characters, ethical purpose and literary qualities of A Modern Instance.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.—The number for February is already on our table, and it is impossible in a brief notice to do justice to its abundance and illustrations. The new articles by popular writers replete with interest and information; bright stories, sketches, etc., several meritorious poems, a comprehensive miscellany, and the pictures and illustrations are exceedingly beautiful. The colored frontispiece "Won't I be a Friar?" is admirable. Ben Perley Poore's "Our Veterans," Mark Pattison's "Mission," F. B. White's "Ants and Their Ways of Life," Robinson's "The Loves of Catherine de Bourbon," etc., are noteworthy and finely illustrated articles.

The doleful news is waited across the seas that Oscar Wilde will return next winter with some new-fangled kind of nonsense. It begins to be very evident that we may pretty pretty have for the \$15,500 received from England in payment for the Alabama claims, but there ought to be a release short of such extremities as this.—Phila. Times.

"BUCHUPAIRA."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. J. Druggists.

A LADY WITH COURAGE TO SPECTACLE WINS.—Miss Margaret, wife of the late Charles T. Yerkes, Sr., a former President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, has won a prize of \$100,000 on the Louisiana State Lottery, which was held at New Orleans, La., on Dec. 21.

THE MARKETS. MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET. CORRECTED WEEKLY BY ISAAC JONES, JR. WHEAT, 113000 lb Yellow, 00637 Timothy Seed, 350 White, 00636 Clover Seed, 350 Yellow, 00635

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET. CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS & CO. BUTTER, 113000 lb Spring, 12314 Potatoes, 113000 lb Yellow, 12314 Southern, 00636 Rye, 12314

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS. WHEAT, 113000 lb Yellow, 00637 Prime red, 113000 lb Yellow, 00636 Timothy Seed, 350 White, 00636 Clover Seed, 350 Yellow, 00635

BALTIMORE MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS & CO. BUTTER, 113000 lb Spring, 12314 Potatoes, 113000 lb Yellow, 12314 Southern, 00636 Rye, 12314

New Advertisements.

Public Sale!

The undersigned, having rented her farm, will offer at Public Sale, at her residence, "Cedar Lane," four miles above Middletown, on MONDAY, February 12, 1883, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Her Stock and Farming Implements, to wit: SEVEN HEAD OF

1. A Large Sorrel Horse, 14 hands high, 13 years old, a good farm horse, will work anywhere.
2. A Black Horse, 14 hands high, 10 years old, in all harness, is free, and is a good steady horse, and is in the hands of the owner.
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10 HEAD CATTLE! INCLUDING A GOOD MILCH COW. All of which are very good Milks, and all of which are in the hands of the owner.

Farming Implements: Consisting of Two Farm Wagons, one from 1882, and one from 1881, and one from 1880, and one from 1879, and one from 1878, and one from 1877, and one from 1876, and one from 1875, and one from 1874, and one from 1873, and one from 1872, and one from 1871, and one from 1870, and one from 1869, and one from 1868, and one from 1867, and one from 1866, and one from 1865, and one from 1864, and one from 1863, and one from 1862, and one from 1861, and one from 1860, and one from 1859, and one from 1858, and one from 1857, and one from 1856, and one from 1855, and one from 1854, and one from 1853, and one from 1852, and one from 1851, and one from 1850, and one from 1849, and one from 1848, and one from 1847, and one from 1846, and one from 1845, and one from 1844, and one from 1843, and one from 1842, and one from 1841, and one from 1840, and one from 1839, and one from 1838, and one from 1837, and one from 1836, and one from 1835, and one from 1834, and one from 1833, and 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